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konnte benutzt werden, oder weil die Quellen noch einmal nachzusehen sind," and: "Zweifelhaftes, Fragmente, Spuren, Einzelnes." The stories in this package were not used and are of interest as being *märchen* not represented in the final collection of the *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*. The two now in question: "Des Toten Dank" and "Der dankbare Tote und die aus der Sklaverei erlöste Königstochter," belong to the cycle of "The Thankful Dead," about which so extensive a literature has clustered. This literature is passed in review by Dr. Bolte (who has here again been aided by Professor Polívka) with his usual astounding erudition and his article presents a complete monograph of the subject. The range of the stories in the Grimms' collection is very wide and it is interesting to learn that tales and *motifs* which do not appear there existed in Germany at the time in forms which the brothers did not feel that they could use. Dr. Bolte has again laid all students of comparative storiology under deep obligations and they will look forward with interest to the continuation of the article in the *Zeitschrift*.

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The Dramas of Lord Byron: a critical study. By Samuel C. Chew, Jr., Ph. D. Baltimore, The Johns Hopkins Press, 1915.
[Hesperia: Schriften zur englischen Philologie, 3.]

Dr. Chew's *The Dramas of Lord Byron* is an admirable dissertation: admirable (1) for accurate and wide familiarity with technical studies, with the English drama of the early nineteenth century, and notably with the literary backgrounds of European literature; (2) for analysis, insight, and meditation as to literary phenomena (with the exceptions noted below); and (3) for craftsmanship—skilful arrangement, balance, evolution in the presentation, and a simple, gentlemanly style. I tabulate thus precisely because the little work is in a way an answer to two types of fault-finders: (1) to those outside the university world for whom a close and systematic study of a literary problem seems trivial, pedantic, futile; and (2) to those inside the university world for whom literary research means only the discovery and collation of facts (as influences of events or of other writers, averagings of metaphors, col-

umns of statistics), and not the discovery and collation of ideas (as an author's technique, intent, meaning, accomplishment). The dissertation, while helpful to any one interested in the dramas as such, has definite correlations with the Romantic era and especially with other phases of Byron's ever potent and many-sided activities. It is, indeed, a tribute to the Byronic spell, which, suspended in the generation of our fathers, has reasserted itself a hundred years after upon his definitive editors, Prothero and Coleridge, and upon his all but definitive biographer, the almost too clever Ethel Mayne.

But, like most dissertations, it is a young man's book. Why not? There are certain ideas that yield up their meaning to us only in the fulness of time. One welcomes Dr. Chew's enthusiasm for his man, perhaps even wishing he had at times been less consciously striving to control it in the interest of a "judicial attitude"—that painful idea of the young scholar which most scholars never outgrow. A gracious criticism should not object to youthful enthusiasm; but it may at least point out what seems inexperience. It is surely inexperience that implies for Byron a philosophy of life in his chafed assertion of mind over matter higher than Goethe's Olympian vision; in fact, through a number of allusions to *Werther* and *Faust* one feels that Dr. Chew, unless he dwindles sadly with the years, is likely some time to see much deeper into that marvelous mind which, as Bayard Taylor said in his prefatory poem to his translation of *Faust*,

Verkoerperte das werdende Jahrhundert.

It is inexperience which makes such short and easy work of the basic distinctions between classic and romantic. It is inexperience, I think, which applies, however keenly, to the analysis of dramatic structure, the standards of Freytag's antiquated schematismus, with the implication that they *are* standards, immutable and organic, and which implies that, because there is in a given drama no *development* of character, there is thereby some short-coming in characterization. Perhaps Dr. Chew's really thoughtful dramatic criticism would have gained in breadth and wisdom by more familiarity with the Continental, English, and even American dramatic achievement of the present day. Present modes of practice and criticism of the drama would presumably modify in more than

one respect the traditional view of Byron's dramatic defects and virtues; and, though he wrote his dramas, as he wrote no other of his works, according to a consciously conceived theory, nevertheless a final appraisal of his practice should be made not so much according to Byron's own theory, or Freytag's, or Lessing's, or Bradley's, as according to what we actually find done—by Hauptmann and Brieux, no less than by Shakespeare, Racine, and Alfieri. And at the risk of seeming captious, I may mention a casual lapse into merely traditional opinion (reiterated by Saintsbury, the ever young) in the praise accorded Coleridge's translation of *Wallenstein*: despite moments of original inspiration (sometimes too original for literary honesty), as a whole it is, to any one that has lived long with Schiller, heavy in movement (as might be expected from the impecunious Coleridge's own irked mood in the writing), and absurd in its blunders (owing to his school-boy's knowledge of German); Coleridge as a master translator is a superstition handed down from the days when our best translators of German were Mrs. Collier, Mrs. Inchbald, Benjamin Thompson, and Monk Lewis.

In reading Dr. Chew's explanation of the apparent Byronic anomaly, the chief Romanticist as a reactionary, the creator of *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* as champion of the so-called classic models in drama, one should bear in mind that here too we have the Byronic revolt—the spirit of contrariness that motivated so much of his conduct—a revolt more congenial to some aspects of his nature than we would at first surmise; for there was in his make-up an intellectual acuteness (witness the compact and telling couplets of his satire early and late) and an artistic response to order and “good sense” (witness his admiration for Pope) which relate him more than any of his great contemporaries to the literary ideals of the eighteenth century.

The most illuminating chapter seems to me the first, “The Drama of the Romantic Period.” The most interesting, however, is the fourth, “*Manfred*” (including Appendix II). Dr. Chew's investigation of literary antecedents is here (as throughout his study) well-informed and sane, especially in discussing the relations of *Manfred* to *Faust* and to *René*. But the interpretation of this, Taine's *frère jumeau du plus grand poème du siècle*, seems to me in some places mistaken. I waive the philosophy; I mean dramatic and biographic interpretation.

Dr. Chew, like Moore and E. H. Coleridge, and practically everybody, excepting the anonymous author of the German pamphlet *Manfred*,¹ thinks that "The Incantation" ("When the moon," etc.), act I, scene 1, "fits but imperfectly into the context." Obviously, when first printed in the *Chillon* volume of 1816 as a (pretended) "Chorus in an unfinished Witch Drama which was begun some years ago," it was an angry husband's compliment to his better half. But it is the known privilege of authors to refit and adapt; Byron himself lifted (to quote the composing room) the opening of the third canto of *The Corsair* from the then unpublished *Curse of Minerva* (though here of course no shift of application was involved). In any case, he who reads "The Incantation" as it stands in the drama and abstracts all recollections of Byron's private life should find it psychologically and dramatically apposite, as the utterance of the Seventh Spirit (appropriately Manfred's own fateful star, his evil genius) "appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure"—namely the figure of Astarte herself—with a curse upon the author of Astarte's ruin, none other than Manfred. To argue the point would be to analyze the whole piece as well as details of the lines. But note, in passing, Manfred's words as the figure appears:

Oh God! if it be thus and *thou* ²
 Art not a madness and a mockery,
 I yet might be most happy. I will clasp thee,
 And we *again* ³ will be—

[*The figure vanishes.*

My heart is crushed!

[*Manfred falls senseless.*

The address, even to the sudden breaking off before divulging the nature of the relationship, is in perfect keeping with Manfred's subsequent address to Astarte herself. And why, otherwise, should he swoon? And compare

Nor to slumber, nor to die
 Shall be in thy destiny,

of the last stanza, with Manfred's

¹ Oldenburg and Leipzig [No date].

² Italics Byron's.

³ Italics mine.

There is a power upon me which withholds,
And makes it my fatality to live,

of the soliloquy at the beginning of the *next* scene.

But more vital is Dr. Chew's biographical interpretation of the person of Astarte. Rejecting Edgumbe's astonishingly perverted external evidence from Byron's biography, but accepting his to me almost equally absurd findings in "what the poems reveal," Dr. Chew builds up a tentative hypothesis that the original of Astarte is Mrs. Mary Chaworth Musters. The pang that should find a voice is explained by comparison with the famous *Dream*, written shortly before *Manfred*. That Mary is the lady of *The Dream* is common knowledge; that the crime of *Manfred* was incest is clear to Dr. Chew, as to all the world except Richard Edgumbe. But Dr. Chew, quoting from *The Dream*

Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother,⁴

suggests that "the fact that he betrayed that confiding friendship made Byron in *Manfred* record this sin as the 'deadliest.'" Apart from the mere play on words involved in "brother," the two poems are irreconcilable in inspiration and mood. Byron is under compulsion to dwell in *The Dream* on what should have been, in *Manfred* on what should not have been: in the former the yearning for the woman is touched with tender reminiscence, in the latter with fierce remorse. The phrase in *Manfred*,

One without a tomb,

means for Dr. Chew that Astarte-Mary is "'dead to him' just as the Lady [in *The Dream*] married to another and then insane is dead to the Wanderer." Another play on words; and, moreover, a lapse of imagination: the phrase is surely but one of those dark sayings (like Browning's "I gave commands") that more than once make more wistful our sympathy for this woman of vanished life—hinting presumably at some violent mountain-death without her maiden strewments and the bringing home of bell and burial. But finally and chiefly, if Byron, after a fruitless boyhood-wooing, had won during his London glory, won even guiltily according to the statutes of the realm, the love of Mary, he could never have

⁴ Italics Chew's.

indulged the tears of *The Dream*—tears entirely over a love never won. And he would certainly have felt no remorse. Mary was separated from a brutal husband; Byron was as yet unattached. Had she yielded to him, he would have exulted. It is not necessary, in order to give this plausibility, to recall Byron's loose practices with women; any one who knows human nature knows (if he reflects) that almost any man under precisely those circumstances would have exulted, and borne with him in after years, not remorse, but the memory of golden hours. (I am talking sex-psychology, not social ethics.) No, the pang that should find a voice, the pang of *Manfred* is another story—and I fear that Byron's grandson, Lord Lovelace, in his book *Astarte* gives us in the chapter "The Correspondence of Eighteen Nineteen" the only key to its solution. Mary was one troubled Memory that Byron bore with him in exile; his wife was another . . . but the chief was Augusta Leigh.⁵

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A First German Grammar by Professor George O. Curme. New York, Oxford University Press, 1914. (Oxford German Series by American Scholars. General Editor: Julius Goebel.)

Professor Curme's new book is notable for giving very full treatment of the grammar based on the fundamental principles of the present living, growing language. The result is bound to be a little confusing and perhaps disturbing for a time, because the application of these principles has in some cases upset the traditional classification and nomenclature.

The law of phonetic decay of final unstressed "e" is applied to noun declension with the result of reducing the three classes of strong nouns to two, the *e-plural* type and the *er-plural* type. Nouns like *Lehrer*, *Wagen*, *Apfel*, *Mädchen* and *Röslein* belong to the *e-plural* type, but have merely lost their ending owing to the operation of phonetic law. The same tendency is also shown to be

⁵ The proof-reading is thorough; but the *errata* should contain: p. 65, note 3: for "Anglestische" read "Anglistische."